



The Rare Edition

Whiskey Barrel Meats — Mapleton’s Most Distinguished Publication Since 2025

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THE GRILL RESTS. THE OVEN TAKES OVER.

(AND THE LOUNGE HAS QUIETLY ADDED A GLASS OF PROSECCO)



I will say this plainly, as is my habit. The Smokehouse Lounge has had two standing favourites since the day the doors opened, and they have not been displaced.

The Buffalo Trace on tap remains the order most often placed by people who know what they want before they sit down. The Old Fashioned, also on tap, remains the order placed by people who want the evening to begin properly. Neither has shown any sign of stepping aside, and I do not expect them to.

What has changed is that we have added Prosecco.

I raise it because the response has been more enthusiastic than I anticipated. A glass of it has become a regular fixture beside a meat and cheese board in the shop — which is, I am obliged to admit, an entirely sensible pairing. Something cold and bright against cured meat and good cheese. I have watched a great many people arrive intending to collect an order and remain considerably longer than they planned. I do not consider this a problem.

A separate matter, and a timely one. September is when thoughtful businesses begin arranging what they will send, and to whom. Whiskey Barrel Meats prepares gift boxes for companies that would prefer their clients receive something other than the usual tin. The contents are selected here. The boxes are packed here. Local delivery is arranged within twenty miles of Mapleton.

Quantities and contents are settled in conversation, not by catalogue. Direct your correspondence to info@whiskeybarrelmeats.com and the details will be seen to.

Yours in feathers & forthrightness,
HENRIETTA
Head of Poultry & Public Relations

FROM THE KITCHEN

THE SEPTEMBER MEAL: A FIELD GUIDE TO MEATBALLS, LINGUINE AND A CREAMY CALABRIAN VODKA SAUCE

The featured meal for September may be ordered online ahead of your arrival, which removes the only genuinely difficult part of a weeknight dinner — the deciding. Beef meatballs, linguine, and a creamy Calabrian vodka sauce. What follows is how to put it on the table properly.

Start the water first. A large pot, filled generously, salted until it tastes faintly of the sea. Underseasoned water is the most common failure in this dish and the least forgivable, because it costs nothing to correct.

The meatballs go on a sheet tray in a three hundred and fifty degree oven. Give them room. A crowded tray steams rather than browns, and browning is where the flavour lives. Cook to one hundred and fifty-five degrees internal — use a thermometer, not a guess, and not a knife.

Warm the sauce gently in a wide pan while the meatballs work. A cream sauce held at a boil will break, and a broken sauce cannot be repaired at the table. Low heat, patience, an occasional stir.

Pull the linguine roughly one minute before the box tells you to. It is not finished; it is about to be. Move it directly into the warm sauce with a spoonful or two of the pasta water and let it finish there. That starchy water is what binds sauce to noodle, and pouring it down the drain is the second most common failure in this dish.

Sauce the pasta; do not drown it. The linguine should be coated and glossy, not swimming. Add the meatballs at the end, either folded through or set on top, depending on whether you are feeding a table or making a point.

Rest it two minutes before serving. That is the whole of the instruction. It has never required more.

FROM THE EDITOR’S DESK

September in Mapleton behaves as September has always behaved. The light goes long and gold by five o’clock. The wind turns from the north and remembers what it is for. And somewhere in the second week, without announcement, the evening stops belonging to the grill.

The appetite of a reasonable person shifts with it — away from the quick and the seared, toward the slow, the braised, the thing that occupies an oven for an afternoon. Autumn is not a hardship. It is an invitation to cook properly again.

The case turns accordingly. Heavier cuts, longer cooking. Beyond that I decline to publish an inventory, as the counter reorganises itself faster than any press can record. Ask the head butcher what has come in this week.

One further note, so that no reader is caught unprepared. This establishment opened its doors in November of 2025. October’s edition will close the first year, and with it Volume I. I intend to mark the occasion. I do not intend to make a fuss about it.

The Corona is inked. The edition is pressed.

Yours in Smoke & Style,
MR. FOXWORTH, ESQ.
Editor-in-Chief, The Rare Edition

